N°. 401.] [PRICE A PENNY.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, & PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1831.

A DISAPPOINTED DRAMATIST.*

THE Dramatist, whose adventures are now before us, has no stories to tell of curtailments, delays, or inefficient actors. He gives no green-room secrets; no peep behind the scenes. He knows no more of the interior of the dramatic regions than may be learned in the manager's audience-room. There lies his disappointment; he could not make his way to the stage. The volumes were originally given to the world, as the author informs us, in a county town, in the year 1813, and died there: he has hopes that the Humane Society of London will restore them to life. We wish him success. He is honest and good-humoured, and seems to be of that kindly nature that interests itself in the welfare of every one it falls in with. As an author, he has little to tell; but that little is told naturally; and what is wanting in importance is made up in the truth of representation. Struck with the poverty of the successful comedies of the day, Mr Ererf determines upon shewing the world what comedy should be, by writing one himself. His task accomplished, he packs his MS. up with his clothes, &c., in a trunk, which he forwards to London, and sets forth to make the journey himself on foot. Of his adventures by the way, the only one that has an air of exaggeration, is the story of an actor who slept in the same room at an inn, and before day-break made off with his pantaloons, containing three pound-notes, leaving him, in exchange, a pair of such gigantic dimensions, as greatly to impede his pursuit. In the persons of Mr Selwyn and Mr Chubb, we have a second Orgon and Tartuffe. At Ross, our author hopes to gain some new information of the 'Man of Ross.' He enquires for the inn so named, and is assured by his informant that he could not have enquired of any person better able to give him information:—

'"How," cried I, eagerly, my thoughts rambling from the sign to the prototype, "are you really in possession of any facts respecting Mr Kyrle, which the public is still unacquainted with?"

'"I do not know what you mean by this Mr Kyrle," replied my informant; "the landlord's name of the Man of Ross is not Kyrle, but Griffiths, and as worthy a man as ever broke bread. He keeps an excellent tap, to my certain knowledge, and there is always good accommodation for man and horse."

'With this recommendation, I proceeded to the inn, with the intent of making it my head quarters for the night. My first call was for supper, which I enjoyed like a true pedestrian. Having eaten *quantum sufficit*, my feet cased in dingy yellow slippers, I repaired for company to the tap-room, in which several tradesmen of the place were now assembled. On my entrance, a short silence prevailed;—a distant reserve succeeded the freedom of intercourse. However, as a stranger, I was accommodated with a seat in the corner. To do away this reserve, of which I conceived my intrusion the cause, I determined on starting some topic interesting to all; and, turning to mine host, asked him (as I conceived myself at his house, at the fountain-head of information) whether he could furnish me with any new anecdotes respecting the Man of Ross? Griffiths made me twice repeat the question, then taking the pipe from his mouth, gravely told me that it was ten years ago and upwards since he entered upon the premises with its fixtures, that he also took the furniture, tap and stock of liquors, at a fair valuation: but as to the matter of *that there*, he never knew *nothing* about it, as it was no concern of his, having heard no manner of talk of that sort in *these here* parts. "Well, landlord," said I gaily, "since it appears that I am somewhat more knowing than you, with the company's leave, I will impart to you the whole extent of my information."

'Taking or mistaking sundry nods as so many tokens of assent, I straightway entered into a pompous enumeration of Mr Kyrle's charitable deeds, concluding with Pope's well known lines, which I delivered with all possible emphasis. I was heard throughout in perfect silence, the company composedly smoking their pipes all the time: the clouds of smoke in which I was involved, I was fain to consider (having no better evidence) as so many tokens of praise. "My service to you, Sir," said the landlord, taking up his potation: this was a signal for the rest of the company to compliment me in the like manner. I, in return, politely drank all their healths. A short pause ensued, vanity inducing me to believe that it was spent in silent wonder at the gratuitous learning and elocution I had displayed for their entertainment, and instruction. How far I was right will appear by the query put to mine host:—

'"Well, Master Griffiths, when do you intend to *kill your pig?*"—This was touching the right cord with a vengeance! The reply to the interrogatory being made, a very animated debate succeeded, respecting the breed, size, and weight, of the animal; then followed discussions on the various tit-bits, each warmly contending for his own favourite morsel. It was plain that the carcass of a hog was to them a topic much more interesting than any biographical sketches of the Man of Ross, or, indeed, than whatever pertaineth to any celebrated character.'

We have the scene now before us:—nothing can be more genuine:—the dramatist earnestly expatiating on a favourite topic; while the company, a little wearied, and a little puzzled, with feelings of mingled compassion and respect for his learning, and suspicion of his designs in talking so much about charity,—preserve an uneasy silence, until they are relieved by mine host's introduction of a subject on which all feel competent to speak. The author feeling a momentary shock at their bad taste, indignantly betakes himself to his chamber, where his kindly nature comes to his aid, and reconciles him to the natural result of circumstances; and he acknowledges to himself that, with their education and habits he might have been equally illiterate and tasteless. Alas! it's our unfortunate dramatist's fate to discover that men of very different habits and education are lamentably deficient in literary taste. His comedy, which he values at a thousand pounds, is rejected at both the metropolitan theatres:—he would fain 'shame the rogues, and print it;'—and accordingly has recourse to a publisher, who, being a little worked upon by the author's flattery, offers him fifty.

'The words, "You shall have it, Sir," were on my lips; but the Leadenhall publisher was too quick for me. "I don't care if I give you forty, or even fifty——*shillings* for the copy-right."

"Shillings!" echoed I, amazed, and turning pale. Yet the chapman looked as though in his bidding he had ventured a large sum.'

Though our disappointed author had been disposed so readily to grasp at fifty pounds, for the treasure which he had rated at a thousand; he could not consent to substitute the word *shillings* for pounds, and his MS. was again consigned to the trunk, and took its way back to Hereford. The demand with which Mr Ererf closes his work is a serious one, and, complied with, might prove a dangerous precedent: he makes out a regular account, in which he charges the public—for the comedy before-mentioned, and for his journey to town to dispose of it; for another, ready to appear when called for; for a novel in three volumes, printed and published, but not sold; for various miscellanies, stationery, &c. &c.—the sum of 1,200*l.* We seriously advise the public to pay no more of this claim than the 300*l.* which he names as the expenses of the present work. Were such claims admitted, the national debt would be doubled, if not tripled, before the close of the year. We cannot conclude this article, without observing how applicable to the present time is the following passage, published, as we are told, in 1813,—only reversing the theatres. The speaker is the manager of Drury Lane:—

'The gentlemen of Covent Garden have got and keep the start: finding that the brute creation turns to a better account, they have almost done with man; and with the help of their new auxiliaries,

* *The Adventures of a Dramatist. By B. Ererf, Esq.* 2 vols. 12mo. Groombridge.

nightly exhibit to overflowing houses. I fear we shall soon be compelled to adopt something similar in our own defence.'

We are not much inclined to object to the introduction of lions and elephants in a theatre so ill adapted for human actors; but that the large theatres should at the same time monopolize the regular drama, is an absurdity and injustice more monstrous than the elephant or the leviathan itself.

CONCLUDING NOTICE OF THE 'GERMAN PRINCE'*

THE BONAPARTES.—'It is not to be denied, said my informant, that many vulgarities were observable in the interior of Napoleon's family, which betrayed *roture*. (By this he did not mean inferior birth, but a defective and ignoble education.) The greatest hatred and the most pitiful mutual intrigues reigned between the Bonaparte family and the Empress Josephine, who at length fell their victim. At first, Napoleon took the part of his wife, and was often reproached for it by his mother, who called him tyrant, Tiberius, Nero, and other considerably less classical names, to his face. The General assured me that Madame had frequently told him that Napoleon, from his earliest infancy, had always tried to rule despotically, and had never shewn the slightest regard but for himself, and those immediately belonging to him. He had tyrannized over all his brothers, with the exception of Lucien, who never suffered the least offence or injury to go unrevenged. She had often, she said, observed with astonishment, how perfectly the brothers had retained their relative characters. The General affirmed that Madame Letitia had the firmest persuasion that Napoleon would end ill; and made so little secret of it, that she hoarded only against the catastrophe. Lucien shared in this persuasion; and as early as the year 1811 used the following remarkable words in speaking to the General:—"*L'ambition de cet homme est insatiable, et vous vivrez peutêtre pour voir son carcasse et toute sa famille jettées dans les égouts de Paris.*"

'At Napoleon's coronation, the Empress-mother, in whose household the General held some office after he had quitted the military service (what he did not tell me) gave him strict charge to observe how many arm-chairs, chairs, and stools had been placed for the imperial family, and to make his report to her, unobserved, as soon as she entered. The General, who had but little experience in court etiquette, wondered at this strange commission, executed it, however, punctually, and informed her there were but two *fauteuils*, one chair, and so many *tabourets*. "*Ah, je le pensais bien*," cried Madame Mère, red with rage, "*la chaise est pour moi—mais ils se trompent dans leur calcul!*" Walking quickly up to the ominous chair, she asked the chamberlain on duty, with lips quivering with passion, "Where was her seat?" He motioned, with a deep bow, to the chair. The Queens had already seated themselves on the *tabourets*. To snatch hold of the chair, throw it down on the feet of the unfortunate chamberlain, who nearly screamed with pain, and to rush into the closet where the Emperor and Josephine were waiting, was the affair of a moment to the exasperated mother. The most indecent scene followed, during which the Empress-mother declared, in the most vehement terms, that if a *fauteuil* were not instantly given her, she should leave the *salle*, after explaining aloud the reason of her conduct. Napoleon, although furiously exasperated, was obliged to make *bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, and got out of the scrape by throwing the whole blame on poor Count Segur; "*et l'on vit bientôt*," added the General, "*le digne Comte arriver tout effaré, et apporter lui même un fauteuil à sa Majesté l'Impératrice Mère.*" It is characteristic, and a proof that the thing originated in no respect with Josephine, but entirely with the Emperor himself, that at the marriage of Maria Louisa the very same incident was repeated,—only that the humbled and intimidated mother had no longer courage to resist.

'Napoleon was brought up a bigot; and although too acute to remain so, or perhaps ever to have been so sincerely, habit—which exercises so strong an influence over us all—rendered it impossible for him ever to divest himself entirely of first impressions. When anything suddenly struck him, he sometimes involuntarily made the sign of the Cross,—a gesture which appeared most extraordinary to the sceptical children of the revolution.

'Now for one amiable trait of Charles the Fourth, whom the world would be so little apt to suspect of any delicate attention. Those who knew him intimately, however, know that he was liberal and kind, though weak and ignorant; and much better as a man than as a king.

'When Lucien went to Spain as Ambassador from the Republic, the General, my informant, accompanied him as Secretary of Legation. Lucien's predecessors had "affiché" all the coarseness of republican manners, to the infinite scandal of the most formal and stately Court in the world; and the Spaniards dreaded still greater rudeness and arrogance from the brother of the First Consul. Lucien, however, had the good taste to take the completely opposite course; appeared at Court in shoes and bag-wig, and fulfilled all the duties of ceremony and etiquette with such punctuality that the whole Court was in a perfect state of delight and gratitude. Lucien was not only extremely popular, but the perfect idol of the whole Royal Family. He returned their friendship, the General affirmed, sincerely, and often earnestly warned the King against the Prince of the Peace, as well as against the insatiable ambition of his own brother, of whom he spoke on every occasion without the slightest reserve. The confidence, however, of the old King in his "grand ami," as he called Napoleon, remained unshaken to the last.

'Before his departure, Lucien crowned his popularity by a magnificent fête, the like of which had never been seen in Spain, and which cost nearly four hundred thousand francs. The highest persons about the court, a number of grandees, and the whole Royal Family, honoured it with their presence; and the latter seemed not to know how sufficiently to express their attachment to the Ambassador. A few days afterwards all the members of the legation received splendid presents; the Ambassador alone was omitted; and republican familiarity permitted many jokes upon him in the palace of the embassy. Meanwhile the audience of leave was over, Lucien's departure fixed for the next day, and all hopes of the expected present at an end, when an officer of the Walloon guard came with an escort to the hotel, bringing a large picture in a packing-case, as a present from the King to Napoleon. When Lucien was informed of this, he said it was doubtless Titian's Venus, which he had often admired in the King's presence, and which was certainly a very valuable picture, but that the carriage was inconvenient to him, and he must confess he had rather the King had not sent it. However, the officer was most politely thanked, and dismissed; and Lucien, taking out a valuable shirt-pin from his breast, begged him to accept it. The Ambassador now ordered the case to be unpacked, the picture taken out of its frame, which could be left behind, and rolled so that it could be carried on the imperial of a carriage. The secretary did as he desired: scarcely was the wrapping-cloth raised, when, instead of the admired Venus, a face anything but beautiful,—that of the King himself,—smiled upon him. He was just flying off in mischievous delight to inform the Ambassador of the comical mistake, when, on entirely removing the cloth, a yet greater surprise detained him: the whole picture was set round like a miniature with large diamonds, which Lucien afterwards sold in Paris for four millions of francs. This was truly a royal surprise, and the Ambassador speedily recalled his order for leaving the frame.

'The General asserted that Lucien was very intimate with the Queen of Portugal, who gave him a political rendezvous at Badajos. He thought D—— M—— (Don Miguel) was the result of this meeting. Certain it is, as you may remember I wrote you from London, that that Prince is strikingly like Napoleon.'—P. 280.

RUINS.—'I must ask one more question:—Why ruins have so much stronger an effect upon the mind than the highest perfect specimen of architectural beauty? It seems almost as if these works of man did not attain their full perfection till Nature had tempered and corrected them; and yet it is well that man should again step in, just at that point where Nature begins to efface all traces of his hand. A vast and well-preserved ruin is the most beautiful of all buildings.'—P. 200.

We are surprised that a thinker like our German, should ask the above question. The reason surely is, that a ruin involves a more touching and extensive association of ideas. The hand of *Time* is on it; it stands between the past and the future, and reminds us of all that we have been and may be.

* *Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the years* 1828 *and* 1829; *with Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, and Anecdotes of Distinguished Public Characters. By a German Prince.* 2 vols. 8vo. London: Effingham Wilson.

MR WAKEFIELD'S PAMPHLET.

TO THE TATLER.

SIR,—Whenever one of my fellow-creatures condescends to argue with me, without taking causeless offence, or exhibiting an irascible disposition, and is prompted by nothing but the same motives by which I profess to be actuated—the love of, and search after, truth, I hold it to be my bounden duty to reply in the same strain. I therefore thank K. S. for the manly and truth-seeking characteristics of his letter. As to those who choose to attack me in the spirit of malice, let them look well to their harness, that it be well buckled on, and 'ware hawk.'

> 'Come one, come all, and strike upon my shield,
> My dictionary holds not the word *yield!*'

I agree with K. S., that those who have 'nothing to lose' are very likely to wish for a change. He must be a craven creature indeed, who, possessing nothing, sits down contentedly. We will take it for granted that all have a disposition to acquire, and that there are many also who are so hopeless of acquiring by penceable means, that they would be willing to substitute force. Before we are too harsh upon them for this disposition, would it not be wel.

to enquire whether the system of legislation is such as to give to all an equal chance If the system prove to be one of notorious partiality—which will scarce be contested—then it really savours somewhat of insult to upbraid the poor with that very poverty, of which they are the sufferers, and not the inducers. To tell a man in a taunting way that he has *nothing*, is to excite him to procure *something*; if not by fair means, by foul.

K. S. is a good logician, and he has rightly noticed an inaccuracy in my arguments. I used the words, 'Mr Wakefield is not a good logician; therefore we cannot place faith in his *statements*.' For *statements* read *deductions*, and the sentence will give the meaning I intended to convey. Not that I believe *all* the facts Mr Wakefield puts forth, but only such as he alleges on his own positive personal knowledge; which, if strictly adhered to, will leave to his pamphlet and his former work nearly the same characteristics as a work published thirty years ago, by Mr Colquhoun, of the Thames Police.

In mentioning Bishop, Williams, and the Manchester Yeomanry, as part of the 'householders,' I had no intention of stigmatizing that body. The title of the pamphlet was invidious; by setting one class in opposition to another. It was set forth, that all the populace were possessed of the same characteristics as the thieves who composed a portion of their number. Therefore, I cited the cases before-mentioned, to shew that there might be bad and good in all classes. There is no doubt that the large majority of the London tradesmen and householders are people of good feelings; but there is as little doubt, that being unused to go forth with weapons, they would use them with much nervous irritation in the event of a disturbance. Who can doubt, that a few hundred resolute men armed with staves would have swept the streets of Bristol clear of the rabble who perpetrated the outrage. I am as willing as K. S. to be prepared against a mischievous mob, but it will be at most with a quarter-staff, or cutting weapon. The powder and 'ragged lead' I shall beg to reserve for the resistance of oppression upheld by regularly armed and trained supporters.

K. S doubts whether I am a householder or akin to householders. This surely cannot be germane to the matter. The truth or falsehood I write, must make or mar me; not my station. I must exclaim like Socrates, 'I was born in the world,' and therefore I feel an interest in all that touches the welfare of its living inhabitants. But I must enter my protest, against the eternal and all-absorbing claim of property to exclusive legislation. I once knew a man capable of teaching four languages, harmless, inoffensive, a tolerable reasoner, and perfectly honest. For want of that species of energy called 'a pushing disposition,' he was elbowed out of his grade; his clothes became shabby, and he could gain neither employment nor credit. His only mode of existence afterwards was, and I believe is, to gain a few daily half-pence by singing at low public houses, and sleeping at night about the brick-kilns. At one period he earned five pounds per week as a teacher. Did his judgment vanish with the loss of the cash? But whether I be aristocrat, middle man, pauper, or *vox et præterea nihil*, I beg to assure K. S. of my due appreciation of the philosophical tone of his letter, and remain,

Very truly, yours,

Dec. 12, 1831. JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Masaniello—Hyder Ali.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Fazio—Country Quarters—The Irish Ambassador.

OLYMPIC.

THE *Dumb Belle*, a new original burletta, performed here for the first time last night, is a gallant attempt by Mr BERNARD, to render justice to a 'woman's tongue,' by shewing how much more reason the other sex would have to lament its silence, than they have its exercise.

Eliza Ardenton (Madame VESTRIS), a sprightly and blooming maiden, just come of age, has been left by her parents under the guardianship of a worthy old gentleman, *Mr Manvers* (W. VINING); who, unlike most guardians, is more desirous that his ward should marry, than the young lady is herself. Her suitors have been numerous, but she has rejected them all, fancying, that they have all had an eye more to her fortune than her person. She has had another reason in reality, more influential—a cherished attachment for an old playmate, whom she has not seen since she was fifteen, and who is now daily expected home. The guardian, favourably disposed towards the young gentleman, and, anxious to propitiate his ward in his behalf, represents to her that he has received from her old friend, *Captain Vivian* (J. VINING), a letter, breathing raptures respecting her. The letter, in fact, is anything but complimentary to the lady. It alludes, indeed, pretty liberally to her personal attractions, but surmises that, according to a report that has reached him, they are all neutralized, by the inordinate exercise in which she indulges her tongue. He says, moreover, that he has travelled half over Europe to find a dumb woman whom he might make his wife. This letter falls into the lady's hands, and on hearing of *Vivian's* arrival, she resolves to try him by a stratagem—that of pretending to be dumb. The Uncle falls in with the scheme, and on the Captain's arrival informs him of the melancholy disaster which has befallen his niece, adding, that she is also deaf. So far from being distressed at this intelligence, *Vivian* regards it as a most fortunate circumstance, the realization of his wishes unexpectedly: in short, a dumb wife to his hand! Both parties are eager for an interview, and when they meet, the humour of the scene consists of the vexation experienced by the Captain at finding his fine speeches thrown away, or else obliged to be uttered with the voice of a Stentor through a horn; and even then met by blank enquiring looks, or answers awry from the purpose. Well pleased with her stratagem, *Miss Ardenton* leaves him to himself, and from an adjoining room sings in his hearing. Delighted with the voice, he enquires of *Mary* (Miss PINCOTT), who it is singing; she tells him it is *Mis: Rivers*, a friend of her mistress. The Captain, who has had enough of utter dumbness, now thinks *she* will be the wife for him. He is all impatience to see his new love, and is about to rush into her presence, when he is stopped by the entrance of *Mr Manvers*, followed by *Miss Ardenton*. *Vivian* informs *Mr Manvers* of his change of mind, answers the latter's remonstrances by stating his objections to so extreme a case of dumbness; and believing that the lady, though present, cannot hear, he ventures to make some objections to her of a personal nature, concluding by saying that 'she has confoundedly thick legs.' 'On this hint she speaks.' The prisoner can be restrained no longer; her rage vents itself on poor *Vivian*, who, astonished and abashed, is about to make his retreat from the storm, when the lady, her wrath subsiding, retains him by the hand, and singing to him the air he had before supposed was sung by *Miss Rivers*, asks him whether he is prepared to confess that it is better for a woman to retain the use of her tongue. The Captain is but too happy to be received into the good graces of his mistress on such easy terms and the piece ends with their cordial reconcilement.

There is not much novelty in the plot, nor, considering the provocativeness of the subject, point in the dialogue. The author probably felt himself in danger of becoming trite on a subject so hackneyed, and prudently preferred trusting his success to the humour incidental to the situations of his principal characters. The acting, particularly of Madame VESTRIS, was highly spirited, and to it, as much as to its own merits, the very favourable reception of the piece may be attributed. Madame VESTRIS, in asking the audience if it might be repeated, begged they would speak loudly; at the same time applying her horn. The response was vociferous.

*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to be in arrear with our correspondents. They shall receive due attention to-morrow.

PANORAMA,
LEICESTER-SQUARE.

MR. BURFORD respectfully announces to the Nobility, Gentry, the Patrons of Art, and the Public in general, that on SATURDAY next, he will submit to their inspection a splendid VIEW of FLORENCE, taken from an elevated spot near Santa Trinita, which comprises a representation of the Cathedral, the Church of San Lorenzo, the Palazzo Pitti with the Gardens of Boboli, the Pallazzo Vecchio, the famous Gallery of Fine Arts, and nearly all the other noble Public and Private Structures which render the City so celebrated; with a view also of the beautiful Valley, intersected by the river Arno. The VIEW of BOMBAY continues Open.

This Day is Published, in 3 vols. post 8vo. price 24s. in boards,
NEWTON FORSTER,
OR, THE MERCHANT SERVICE.
By the Author of 'The King's Own.'
'One of the most original, striking, and powerful Authors of the day.'—Literary Gazette.
Printed for JAMES COCHRANE and CO. 11 Waterloo Place.

MISCELLANIES.

MISS INVERARITY.—We see by the Nottingham Journal, that this young lady has been singing at the Nottingham Theatre. On Friday she appeared as *Rosetta*, in *Love in a Village*, and *Isidora*, in *Brother and Sister*; on Saturday, as *Rosina*, in the *Barber of Seville*, and *Mary Copp*, in Mr Howard Payne's drama of *Charles the Second*. We are glad to find that the sweetness and natural feeling which distinguish the notes of this delightful vocalist are being enjoyed by our country friends; we can better submit to a deprivation, when we know that others are gainers by it.

AWKWARD DILEMMA.—The tragedy of *King Lear* was got up at Ludlow at a short notice. The gentleman who personated *Glo'ster* managed to say something like the author, until the scene where *his eyes* are put out, and then he was obliged to ask permission to read the rest of the part.—*Herald.*

THE PANTOMIMES.—*Tom Thumb* is to be the hero of Pantomime at both the principal theatres, this Christmas;—not a fortunate coincidence, unless the dexterity of the contrivers has happened to be ingeniously different in the management of the same adventures, of which the little boys will no doubt be very glad to be afforded opportunity of judging.

ITALIAN OPERA.—We have been favoured with a peep behind the curtain of this establishment, and can assure our readers that they have every cause to look forward to better days. All things, from Prima Donna down to lamp-lighter, are about to be reformed: even the house itself is wonderfully changed Last year it was, as it were, clothed in the decayed weeds of widowhood; this time, it is 'prankt forth' in the gay splendour of a bride. Before, it was heavy, dull, dirty, and uncomfortable; now, it promises to be all that a place of intellectual amusement should be. Signora Battista, the first contralto of the day, is engaged for the whole of the ensuing season. According to report, she is anything but a Venus; but before her singing 'all distinctions fly.' She is a perfect *lusus* in her way—'hideous as night,' but melodious as a nightingale. Her power is Circean, and lies in the enchantment of her voice, which, we understand, is quite sufficient to ensnare the wariest critic.—*Globe.*

ANECDOTE OF BENSLEY THE ACTOR.—When he came on one evening for his first soliloquy in *Richard*, when performing in Dublin, a nail at the wing caught the tail of his majestic wig, and dismounting his hat, suspended the former in the air. An Irish gallery know how to laugh even in a tragedy. Bensley caught his hat, as it fell, by a feather, and replacing it on his nob, 'shorn of its beams,' advanced to the front and commenced his soliloquy, amidst a volley of importunities to resume his wig. ('Mr Bensley, my darling, put on your jasey—bad luck to your politics—will you suffer a *whig* to be hung,') &c. The tragedian, however, considering that such an act would have compromised in some measure his Dukely dignity, continued his meditations in spite of their advice, and stalked off, at the conclusion, as he had stalked on. An underling then made his appearance and released the captured hair, with which he exited in pursuit of *Richard*, to as loud a demonstration of approval as *Richard* himself.—*Bernard's Retrospections.*

THEATRICALS FOR THIS EVENING.

DRURY LANE.

Rossini's Opera of

The Barber of Seville.

Rosina	Mrs Wood
Marcellina	Miss Russell
Jacintha	Mrs Mapleson
Count Almaviva	Mr Wood
Doctor Bartolo	Mr Seguin
Figaro	Mr H. Phillips
Basil	Mr Bedford
Fiorello	Mr S. Jones
Argus	Mr Ross
Tallboy	Mr Eaton
Officer	Mr Newton
Notary	Mr Honner

To conclude with Mr D. W. JERROLD'S Comic Drama, entitled

The Bride of Ludgate.

Melissa	Miss Phillips
Ruth	Mrs Orger
Charles the Second	Mr Wallack
Sir Charles Sedley	Mr Brindal
Shekel	Mr J. Russell
Doeskin	Mr Harley
Must	Mr Salter
Agate	Mr Hughes
Mapleton	Mr H. Wallack
Captain Mouth	Mr Cooper
Dr Blacktype	Mr Cohen
Clerk	Mr Browne

To morrow, The Brigand; The Bride of Ludgate; and Hyder Ali.

COVENT GARDEN.

The Beggar's Opera.

By GAY.

Polly (first time)	Miss Shirreff
Mrs Peachum	Mrs Gibbs
Lucy	Mrs Keeley
Captain Macheath	Mr Braham
Peachum	Mr Bartley
Lockit	Mr Evans
Filch	Mr Meadows
Mat o' the Mint	Mr Morley

In Act III, a Hornpipe in Fetters, by Mr Ellar.

Previous to the Farce, Mehul's Overture D'Une Folie.

To conclude with Mr KENNEY'S New Farce, called

The Irish Ambassador.

Lady Emily Delauney	Miss E. Tree
Isabella	Miss Taylor
The Grand Duke	Mr Diddear
Prince Rodolph	Mr Abbott
Count Morenos	Mr Bartley
Baron Lowincraft	Mr F. Matthews
Sir Patrick O Plenipo	Mr Power
Olmutz	Mr Barnes
Herman	Mr Irwin

To-morrow, Isabella; and The Barber of Seville.

QUEEN'S.

A Drama, called

The Field of Forty Footsteps.

Rose Downright	Miss S. Booth
Frances Vere	Mrs Cooper
Lady Vere	Miss Oman
Henry	Miss Caddwell
Arthur Matchlowe	Mr Norton
Geoffry Matchlowe	Mr Dillon
Peter Pipkin	Mr Smith

After which, a Comedietta, entitled

Where Shall I Dine?

Mrs Grumpy	Mrs Russell
Dorothea Grumpy	Miss H. Phillips
Grumpy	Mr Porteus
Dick Discount	Mr Dillon
Sponge	Mr Green

To which will be added,

The Wandering Boys.

The Baroness	Miss Oman
Paul	Mrs Cooper
Justin	Miss Dix

To conclude with

Infanticide.

Louise de Rhinalt	Mrs Cooper
Dulart	Mr Smith

ROYAL OLYMPIC.

The Burletta of

The Chaste Salute.

Baroness de Blancbec	Miss Stuart
Madame Thibaut	Miss Forde
Lucille	Miss Fitzwalter
Colonel Derville	Mr Horn
Thibaut	Mr Collier
Philippe	Mr Worrell

After which, a New Original Burletta, entitled

The Dumb Belle!

Eliza Ardenton	Madame Vestris
Mary	Miss Pincott
Captain Vivian	Mr J. Vining
Phelim o'Smirk	Mr Brougham
Mr Manvers	Mr W. Vining
James	Mr Gough

To which will be added,

The Widow.

The Widow Dashington	Madame Vestris
Susan	Miss Patterson
Augustus Gallopade	Mr Liston
Frank Rhapsody	Mr J. Vining
Trusty	Mr Gough
Benjamin Crawl	Mr W. Vining
Bond	Mr Sherriff

To conclude with

Gervase Skinner.

Sophia Meanwell	Miss Crawford
Laura Marston	Miss Pincott
Mrs Higgins	Miss Stuart
Charles Meanwell	Mr J. Vining
Sir George Hopeful	Mr Raymond
Mr Wilson	Mr W. Vining
Mr Higgins	Mr Worrell
Gruff	Mr Bland
Gervase Skinner	Mr Liston

ADELPHI.

A New Extravaganza, called

Favorites In Town.

Characters in the Prelude.

Thalia	Mrs Gallot
Melpomene	Miss Novello
Mr Whistlecraft	Mr Yates
Theophilus Daw	Mr Wilkinson

Mrs Beverley and Miss Fitzparrot, Miss Barnett and Miss Beaumont

Messrs Montague, Wouldbe, Mouldygrub, Messrs Morris, V. Webster, Fry and Billin

Characters in the Extravaganza.

Giovanni	Mrs Fitzwilliam
Black-Ey'd Susan	Miss Alleyn
Mr Whistlecraft	Mr Yates
Playfare	Mr Bayne
Paul Pry	Mr J. Reeve
Pluto	Mr . . . . .
The Brigand	Mr O. Smith
Billy Black	Mr Wilkinson
Leporello	Mr Buckstone
William	Mr Gallot
Teddy the Tiler	Mr Sanders
Mr Inspector Y	Mr S. Smith
Peter Mammock	Mr King
Driver	Mr Morris

After which, Mr BUCKSTONE'S Burletta, called

Victorine.

Victorine	Mrs Yates
Elise	Mrs Fitzwilliam
Sophie	Mrs Gallot
Alexandre	Mr Yates
César Chanteloupe	Mr O. Smith
Mr Bonassus	Mr J. Reeve
Blaise	Mr Buckstone
Michael	Mr Hemmings

To conclude with Mr BUCKSTONE'S Burlesque of

Hyder Ali.

The Tiger Cat	Mrs Fitzwilliam
The Lion, with Songs	Mr J. Reeve
The Tiger, with Words	Mr Wilkinson
Hyder Ali	Mr S. Smith
Sadhusing	Mr Gallot

COBURG.—The Wept of the Wish-ton Wish—Gilderoy—The French Spy.

Published by R. Seton, at the Tatler Office, 26 Brydges Street, Covent Garden; (to whom all books, and communications for the Editor are to be addressed); sold by ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand; at EBERS' Library, Old Bond street; by CHAPPEL; WILSON, Royal Exchange; THOMAS, News-Corner, Birchin lane; CLARKE, 21 Finch lane, Cornhill; STRANGE, Paternoster row; WATLING, 409 Strand; BUCKNALL, 2 King street, Covent Garden; TURNOUR, Theatrical Agent, 10 Broad court, Long Acre; LLOYD, 42 Frith street, Soho; TOMLINSON, Library, Great Newport street; HARRIS, Bow street; T. TIERNAY, 74 Drury lane, Corner of Russell court; D. HILTON, 8 Penton street, Pentonville; and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

ADVERTISEMENTS received at the Office, 26 Brydges street; and by Messrs C. and W. REYNELL, *at the Printing Office, 45 Broad street, Golden square.*